

## IN DREAMS

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Summary: In dreams is where Sarge learns to let go. But will Cleo survive. Read the next one called TORN

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**\*\*In Dreams\*\***

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> Part 1: Alone she stood against the bailey's. To regain the surface, and the loss of a love from the past. Sarge felt strings tugging at her heart, missing the one she knew she loved more than just a day. Connections became too strong to break, In Dreams is where she began to let go. Finding out who she could be.<br>

><br> Rated: R for explicit words and nudity

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> <em>"BAM, BAM!"<em>

> A very loud noise came from the wall in the dark cold damp underground. Suddenly looking at the wall cracking seeing but a little light from the crack, a voice calls out from the dark.<br>\_ "It's here! We found it."\_ More dirt and rock fall's as a face of someone comes toward the now open hole. Then as more light sheds the open hole, the person steps through as the light hits on a small old book. A familiar voice speaks, \_"Hel, we found the journal. Cleo and I will head back as soon as we can."\_ Sarge looked at Cleo she smiles when Cleo say's, \_ "I did good right."\_ Sarge reached down then slowly she squats down picks the old tatted worn out book. Without a thought to what Cleo had said she just nodded her head. Touching the book like she hadn't felt the touch of someone in so long, she raised up and Cleo was standing in her light. \_"O.K. so I'm not perfect. It was my first time shooting this laser thingy. You know a . . . , " "Good work, Cleo."\_ , Sarge say's, before Cleo could say anymore. She looked at her with such a confused look, and yet she noticed that she was more interested in a dumb old book then how she shot her first

laser shot.

><br> \_'How can she be so into a stupid old book? Didn't I just shoot the shit out of that wall'\_, Cleo thought as she turned to face Sarge? Sarge finally gave notice to the sweet face blond that was right in front of her. Slowly she took her arm, but Cleo was shocked at the fast movement when Sarge took her hand. Sarge grabbed the small silver laser off her gauntlet, and she looked into her eyes' seeing the shocked expression on her face.\_ "Hey! Sarge, don't I get another lesson or something. I mean I was doing pretty damn well for a first timer."\_Sarge softly smiles at the cute pouting expression on Cleos' face, as she turns and beginning to walk away, she say's,\_ "Later sweet cheeks we got to get back to the lab for now." 'Woah, did Sarge just say what I think she said. Must be something good for her to call me sweet cheeks, or could she be coming on too. . . ?'\_, Cleo thought. Cleo looked up she sees Sarge jumping down the shaft, darting after her Cleo say's,\_ "Nahh, she and Hel have a thing going on since Angel left a few weeks ago. Hey! Sarge, wait up."\_ Cleo fallowed her friend relentlessly, until they got to the holographic doorway. Cleo looks at Sarge as she glides so easily inside the door.

><br> \_"OK here goes nothin. My ass is gonna hurt a few more days."\_ All of a sudden she hears a voice as if it was right behind her inside her ear, the soft yet strong. Something, that is so familiar about that voice when it said, \*\_\_"Cleo, don't swing yet! DUCK!"\_\* Cleo stops she looks all around, and all too soon, some laser shots come pouring out of the lab. Cleo ducks for her life screaming for one second, racing to the doorway Hel and Sarge look over to find a dead Cleo swinging inside the doorway. When she suddenly swung right into Hel's arms, Hel looked at her as Cleo say's, \_"Damn! That was close. At least my ass wont hurt for a week now. So what was all that laser fire about." \_Hel looks at Sarge they began to laugh, Cleo looks with a very inquisitive look and say's, \_"What? I was almost made well done before I leaped in here. I like going to the tanning bed and all just not comeing out extra crispy."\_ Hel let her go then she stopped laughing for a minute, \_"Mauser, was showing us his latest invention well I handed it to Sarge, she didn't ask what the red button did. She pressed it, so now we know." \_ Cleo didn't find any humor in their amusement, she gets mad turns to walk away without telling them the voice she had heard. Sarge snickers as Cleo is walking away and Hel tries to keep her laughter down. \_"Cleo, come on it wasn't that bad, at least you're not dead." \_, Sarge said, trying to hold back the laughter. Sarge looks at Hel, Hel say's, \_"Damn, she's pissed."\_ Sarge just nodded her head yes but keep on laughing. They let out a big burst of laughter when Cleo was out of their site. \*\_\_'Those little bitches could have killed me, all just for fun. I just want to go back home, if Angel can cross time. Well just maybe so can I. I hate to leave them, but I don't belong here with them. Sarge, hates me and now that she, and Hel are doing the wild thing. Well let's say there isn't enough room for me.'\_\*\_ ,Cleo thought, out loud she say's.\_ "Yeah!"\_

><br> With that thought in her head she made a plan to leave the year 2525, and trying to get back to the year 2001. Where home would be only a day away, while back in the lab Sarge studied the book's cover immensely. Touching it like she never touched anything before, the logo of a pilot wings graced the front as the logo for the resistance, only Sarge didn't know what the emblem stood for. Hel looked in silence at a woman she had finally told her feelings too, although knowing her reaction was so unsettling. No matter how hard Hel tried, Sarge wanted to be close, only she didn't want to forget the Angel that she loved half her life. Hel never wanted to replace

that love, but she did want to be a part of her life. Maybe give into a love they would or could have. Hel closed her eyes', then looked down at the servomechanism with a pilot relay. She went on with her work. Sarge found a secluded corner, sitting down she just glared at the emblem on the front for a moment. Slowly her fingers lightly touched the etched logo, and the tips of her fingers felt the harsh marks from the corroded dirt and leather. She opens it slowly memorizing each page, as if it was the last she would see. An inside a verse that was sightly disarrayed passage, which had meshed the page with an elegant hand. Sarge stares at the words in such a disbelief she then gradually ran the tips of her fingers across the jaded wording. She read, '\_\*\*To My Beloved, Love Always Your Angel.'\*\*\_ Sarge, knew in her heart that Angel had said she was the only one who mattered, the words that seeped back into her memory now open the door. She could hear Angel's voice saying, \_"I need you, Sarge. You're important to me, that's why I saved you."\_ Those precious words meant a lot to Sarge, 'Had it not been for Angel, I would have died that day.' Her thoughts' bombards with so many conclusions to why Angel really saved her. But, the thought of her was a little more than she could bare. \_'Read the damn book,'\_ she thought, as she held the book firmly in her grip. \_'This is the one chance I will finally understand who the real Angel was. Maybe then will I truly be able to open my heart to someone again.'\_ So she began to slowly turn the page, licking the tip of her index finger to turn with such ease, the story began to elaborate on the end of civilization. The end as they know it, but not the way Angel remembered it.

><br>(Intro Story)

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\*\*December 12, 2001\*\*

\*\*\_I was in detained before I could get to write this journal. I had entered a world unlike my own, yet perceiving it, the vague vastly world was my own. I saw what was only too imaginable for words, I just hope this journal goes on to prevail the out come. The many years, and life times I have seen in my visions could not have been as real. But, in a moment I lost my heart to an unrevealing soul. My thoughts grow so weary of the surface to be regained, but I have lost all contact with outsiders. I have now been digging with some few, but however strong allies. Digging for what seems day's maybe even weeks at the most. I lost a few pounds doing such heavy work, but my desire to see the underground complete undergoes. I have found mappers a drawing architect to oversee every shaft, trap door, parallel, perpendicular corridor, and level for each sector and base. I want to be able to create, if need be, ways to countries, states, even different 3 dimensional planes. Since realizing what the plasma portal is for, I found a way to capture the essence in certain, well, 'WAVES'. Each wave is two, sometimes three years, depending how dark, or, lights the blue counts are. A spiral only eliminates countless numbers, the same you would find if cutting a 500-year-old tree down. Each ring verifies each year. Amazing, to what you can learn just by opening up a scientific journal of plasma portals. Later the synopsis data should be up for the testing maybe if we can harness the real action of the portal, not only will we time travel, but we might be able to stop certain events. \_\*\*

><br> A voice spoke to Sarge, the voice of such sweetness whispered in her ear. Closing her eyes in that moment, the whisper becomes strong \_\*\*"Sarge, Cleo needs your help."\*\*\_ Sarge could see through her minds eye a spirt that haunts her dreams, and the figure of the

woman she adored. \_'Angel?\_', Sarge say's, the vision got even clearer. The wings showed like fire with such a boldness of light. \*\*\_"Cleo needs you my love. Save her Rose."\_\*\* Hel was shaking Sarge desperately to wake her up. She had fallen asleep on the vaporization table after her long work out in the back training facility. It is all ways a place for Sarge to relax her tensing muscles \_"Sarge! Sarge! SARGE!"\_ Sarge jumped to her feet, the sweat that rose beadily on her body coursed from her head down to her toes. It gathered so neatly around her abbs, her hair soaked from the steam. She raised her arm as if exalting a move that was ready to engage in combat with her attacker. \_"Sarge, it's me . . . HEL!"\_ Sarge looked at her friend with a steady gaze, but she slowly let down her arm finally realizing she had no gauntlets on her arms. She then looked down at the rest of her body, with nothing to cover the excessive nudeness she closed her eyes again then raised her hand to her face. \_"Sarge, you fell asleep on the vaporization table, and you starting having a nightmare again. Is everything O.K.," \_Hel said, reaching even waiting for her friends hand? Sarge glares at Hel, then she stands up then walks away from the table. \_"Nothing I'm fine."\_, Hel's eyes wonder Sarges' body for a moment yet it still told her she was unease by the dream. \_"No! You're not fine. What was all that screaming about Angel, and Cleo?"\_ Sarge grabbed some kind o material to wipe her face with, she looks over her shoulder then gazed back to Cleos' door.\_ "Just forget about it,"\_ Sarge said, turning her body toward her room. Hel still not giving up on the situation, something didn't feel right even coming from Sarge. \_"Sarge, just tell me is that so hard for you to do."\_ The look on Hels' face was one of admiration for Sarge, yet in her eyes she was very worried that she was still not opening up to her. Sarge turned her body sightly around getting the glimmer of her nipple and breast sightly. The long curve of her back was enough to send a sweating heat down your back. Even Hel noticed how her body was glistening in the light, with one eyebrow raised she was a little more interested in the rest she had to show, but first things first. Sarge looked straight into Hel's dark gaze, she knew Hel was looking at her entirely.

><br> With that thought in her mind, \_"It was nothing, just forget it. O.K.!"\_ She said then faced her door and walked through it. Sarge looked at the soundless serenity of her room, she tremored with fear as she sat on her bed. \_'What had been this dream about, I have never had feelings for Cleo? Angel, she was so vivid. God! How I miss her touch. Her words, she knew exactly how I felt. She knew me, a way no one has known me I wished Hel knew me like that.'\_, Sarge thought, \_'How could I have been so stupid and let someone into my heart. Hel was right you let you guard down for admiration of someone you never really knew.'\_ Sarge began to cry tears ripping through her soul and down her soft delicate cheeks. She laid back on the hard board like a table for a bed, crying herself softly to sleep. The dreams became more vivid then ever, she felt the lips of someone pressed softly against hers. Sarge tries to push whatever it was away from her, now trying to concentrate on the figures face. Finally it got more clear,\_ "Angel?"\_ \*\*\_"Sarge, Cleo needs you're help. Save her Rose, save her from . . ."\_\*\* The light of Angel's face begins to fade.

>"<em>No! Angel, I need you don't leave me alone. I . . .I . . . I L . . . L . . . Love you,"<em>

> <em>"I need you too, but I need you to save Cleo. She needs you."<em> Angel cupped Sarge's face wiping what seems to be tears' from her eye's. \_"There is nothing wrong with Cleo. I am the one who needs you. You left me, you're the only one who understands me."\_ Angels' touch slipped from her face, \*\*\_"Go Now! Cleo needs you,

you're never alone my heart is with you always."\_\*\* Angel slowly faded into the darkness of Sarges' subconscious. Sarge reached and reached for her hands, but the force of something more started pulling her out of a deep sleep. Waking without a single teardrop on her face, she rose up. In the mist of the silence came a noise of footsteps, sparking Sarge to her feet. She immediately glanced to her doors arch way, a glaze of blue spiraled over the cornea of her eye. She saw through the holographic door.\_ 'Cleo?\_', she thought, \_'What the fuck is she doing awake and furthermore where the hell is she going?\_' Placing on her clothes she ready herself for anything that she may encounter following the little blond. \_'Could this be what Angel was warring me of? Cleo, in danger, but of what and where was she heading off too in the late of night.'\_, Sarge placed her gauntlets on and checking them while she followed secretly behind Cleo. Inching closer by each level that she climbs, Sarge really didn't need to use her location finder for Cleo. She screamed mostly wherever she was going half the time, finally when she reached a level.

><br> It was the level of the plasma portal that Angel had scurried through, about few weeks back. \_'What the hell? Cleo must be out of her mind. I should have woken Hel. Damn it, Sarge. You don't have time to worry about Hel. Cleo is all that matters now.'\_ Sarge moved like a jungle cat against her prey, but Cleo wasn't her prey. Cleo was her friend even if she did find her useless at times, and no matter what got in Sarge's way Cleo wasn't going to be harmed. Moving in the shadows watching Cleo's every move, \_'I don't know what she is thinking, maybe she's not. She could be sleeping and walking all together. No, she is awake. First, lets find out what she doing here. Second, stop her from doing soming even more remotely stupid. Fuck, now I am starting to sound like Hel. Well it's not all bad she does make sense part of the time.'\_ Sarge thought as she checked her gauntlet for Cleo's movements closely. Suddenly without warring she was gone, Sarge ran as she turned the corner there was nothing. No Cleo, No gauntlets no plasma portal.\_ 'OH Shit!\_' Sarge thought, as she looked for any traces of the irrataing blond and a freind.

><br> To Be Continued. . .

End  
file.